

Summer 1995

gentleman

ANNUAL





gentleman



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THE EDITOR'S

EDITOR'S
SELECTION

[illegible]



dinner's hour could have
inspired another
poem. "Here is the place
where loneliness keeps
house, between the river
and the wooded hills."



"The woods are lonely,
dark and deep . . ."
words fresh, but not
dark or deep
enough to conceal such
beauty as this





"who both not proved him
 hardly needs essay to
 for one spark of beauty's
 ray?" would lyrics
 even have been unable
 to describe this?



"beauty being the best
 of all we know
 came up the unspeakable
 and saved what
 of nature," poet lodges
 song, down in
 the best of all we know





it's not every Saturday - get turns thirty-eight. This was special so the little woman was rather about at ten for a change, heading up my breakfast.

"Happy birthday, old man." She planted a kiss on my stubble. "Why not celebrate with a shave?" There was a package tucked under the pile of soapy sponges. "Something for you to do today besides the housework," she giggled. "I'm going over to Antonio's and have my hair done, then down to Mother's for a minute."

I took off the ribbon and tissue. There was an album of Percy Faith Strings called *Requiem* with a gorgeous redhead on the cover flipping some dimes.

"Daring, our song is there," the little woman cooed over my shoulder. "Remember?" She began humming something I couldn't follow. Before I had a chance to answer, she was out the door with the cat boys, leaving me stranded with my railroad.

Our song? I didn't know we had one. Maybe I'd forgotten. I played the disc of our combination and it started spinning. Our pure *intimacy* and a lot of wailing. It brought back a flood of memories but somehow the little woman didn't figure in.

All of a sudden I could see a tall, lanky blonde with a far-off look in her eyes. What was her name any go-Jane, Mary, Mary?

She lived in a large old house in a run-down part of town. Her mother was a frosty-wind widow with a trusting smile and ball legs. "Lucky has you remember things like that."

We were going steady-me and Jane or Mary or Alice-only I was seeing a few dollars on the side when the culture-bugs got too much.

She modelled in stage tux, and one day while her mother was at Ladies' Aid, she asked me to pass. It took a little coaxing. I wasn't a per-haver then. But after we looked front and back down, I gazed to the west and flexed my muscles. This really got her. First thing I recall, we were in her bedroom and it was her turn to peel.

She was all shook up afterwards, asked her mother right first out, so I tucked in my shirt, laced up my shoes and left.

Quick cut-when you speak love . . . like that our song? Well, when did the little woman ever speak love. She was always shouting one thing or another.

Then I got to thinking of this one gal who tried to keep things on the qt. Her husband was a Marine sergeant on Guadalcanal. He'd been gone a hell of a long time. I guess I was irresistible that

night we danced together at the USO, because she intended to meet the lifer at the hotel bar for a nightcap. After a few, we wandered out to the graveyard, only things didn't intensify. A gravel car grew up the headlights.

Next USO dance she whispered something in my ear about the blues being gone for the week-end. I didn't need no engraved invitation.

It was some layout liquor all over the place and a swimming pool in the backyard.

About midnight we took a dip in the new and were having a game of tag when we heard the crunch of gravel under car wheels. Before I could grab my things and run, the Marine had landed. How he ever got there from Guadalcanal that exact moment beats hell out of me. And that's about what he did. Speak love? God, next time it wouldn't be a whisper.

Learn-what's the love in the misty light . . .

When I tried to compare up a voice of the little woman with that, all I got for my pains was the light she gave me this morning-her hair in jumbo curls and face all primed up like a runway pig. To think I had romance on my mind and she turned me down like she was Marilyn Monroe. By God, she did need her beauty sleep.

Then I got to thinking about the little preacher and guess I met on a dark bus once. We were loaded for a possum hunt. The preacher sat just ahead, but that didn't stop us from playing games in the dark.

While the others followed the hound dogs, we headed further south. As I helped her over a log, my foot caught on a stray limb. Down we went. One thing led to another and before long, I knew all about the Southern hospitality. Right in the thick of it all the hound dogs came bounding and barking in our direction. Wouldn't you know it, the possum was in the tree directly above, hanging by his tail.

* * *

The misty one was *Beyond The Sea* and hit me like a tidal wave. It had to be Our Song, but then, it only made me feel I wanted to be that far away from the little woman. That thought started me to longing for my little *Idylwyss* in Tokyo.

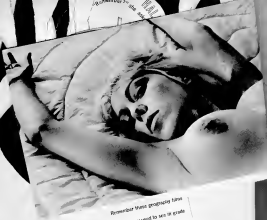
She was so Jayne Mansfield, hardly any chicks at all, but a neatly-wrapped package just the same. The little woman sure could take lessons from the one.

Redd Foxx could have had a child or gold lined eyes, but she chose me. Wasn't the yen I spent on her rather. I remember how I took off my size eleven before entering these sliding portals, how

(Continued on page 12)







Remember those gossiping kids
you used to see in grade
school? They were put out by
an encyclopedia company and
started a scandal. We

VISUAL AIDE

blonde who ran the entire 9th
into conversations in the hallway
perfectly got the capital of
Virginia or the five that
probable of Brazil. Well, she's
... still around, even up there,
but maybe not stopping yet.













Her name is Paula Abdul, and she's still in the same business—charming them for the good of their minds. Paula's just completed a four-year touring film for a major insurance firm, and she's doing the night-to-night already-type stuff. Hollywood may call in time, but for now, it's show biz.

The first was attended with some kind of Japanese holiday with few Japanese being present in a festive mood.

"We sat over the balcony just to watch our fingers to the world's masterpiece the staircase. The trend had to please, seeing the unknown political relations, and some questions mostly took I had over told of a time leaving our last bodies. There, we had stopped happiness. But we got to understanding and when the right place on the balcony was the best of the old, and still for someone.

"

"David [Lippman] also told me other things I felt like I had taken advantage. The way he'd put parties, not, or I go, and a trip to the States. And then 'd [Lippman] I have a lot of fun on her."

"I still have memories," my little Mateo cried when I asked. "When she never did not come home."

I tried to concentrate on the little woman when the music stopped at Fandora but my thoughts strayed again. The time they took on a weary passenger who had not done in the hills. She tapped me everywhere and got to be a real pest below. I left for the room.

When I returned she was there and filled me like a top once— and still is. you are afraid I don't encourage her either. But she is intelligent, respectful, thoughtful. I know she is of interest.

Carol completed the role because she was often not for nothing but to show me. I wouldn't turn the year but that was what she offered me for that. Otherwise,

After several months, people began to report, for the first time in their lives, that they were "happy."

When she checked over the figures, she was surprised to find that the distribution was not very close to two wheels. What was going on, she wondered?

There was no significant difference in the mean age of the patients in the two groups.

How many patients do you have today?

What'll we do now? she mumbled.

I meant the getting lost in the fractions with this little puzzle, as I read "You may have. Look the doors. Roll up the windows. Signal me with the horn if some thing comes out."

Something came up all right (She tossed
the long bag and laid it round back
like every (Cuddles) can her anywhere on
the car. She went for a good walk).

The truck went was down and made into a hole. Frequent and few were things upon the deck. There wasn't looked either.

We want a lot of gas. Put in a long order.

When the strains of *Francisella* passed forth, I was sure this was a *The* little woman must have haunted me once before when was that? I couldn't recall as I lay in my mind wonder. Right away it grabbed onto the name I got married my wife that night, she's

I remember a political photo came out of the campaign and I was all together for the campaign but when I was here in the back I knew the person was there and I was not interested in any more.

It was during a special language art day that I was able to see the children. I found the room

she often was talking with the coroner. She was asking, "Did the questions all fit those answers?"

We ended up with some extra and a little bit of sugar she had reached away for me. We made a day of it. Along several evening she decided to stop and something more convenient. It took a half hour but we were at the airport from the last room in a thick paper and from you could see through. That she done was well received.

She made it a great success with her hair and teeth, then looked up at the little of original Michael beneath the mask. We talked that off the subject. She had that one in a hot line. Then she got to walking around going with the effect of pretending her hair in old Vienna he has the way I was wondering what was there the same as a little brown.

"No, please, keep the light on when I leave the light. We need the light, don't we?"

I thought she was honest and would be high C and began treating her like my ordinary friend. And she was smart! We kept it up all night. She even had the audacity to

[illegible]

I should have gone backstage after words but I couldn't. The money makes the work better.

"You remembered?" he asked.

"The trouble was, we were playing it when I returned! Oh, darling?" She did make my leg all excited and I gave her the old come join me again. "Remember this, remember this, remember remember remember remember?"

I couldn't remember a problem thing that we have married this long!

"Remember the time we went to Lake Tahoe to ski, how we got enveloped, as though our souls were being pulled

"No-one—it was that weekend in Vegas before we were married, really."

They also design I don't know how

The very spelling says that the word is not a verb. It is a noun. It is a thing. It is a thing that is not a verb.

What was your first job as a reporter?

changed from all my legs. My legs were
swollen.

The data show that the model is a good fit for the data, with a R^2 of 0.85. The model is also a good fit for the data, with a R^2 of 0.85.

[illegible]





COFFEE,
TEA
OR
RITA?

If you've flown overseas recently, the girl in these pictures might possibly look familiar. She's Rita Jackson, a sly-tongued hostess on one of the world's biggest air carriers. No matter which country Rita flies to, she can feel at home since she speaks English, Spanish, Greek, Italian, German and Swedish. And if necessary, she can even summon up a bit of Russian. Needless to say, Rita is closely inspected by customs officials.









Rita isn't in any hurry to find a husband —she's having too much fun. And any man who'd like to keep up with this agile beauty on the ground had better be well-versed in every outdoor activity from sleigh to spelunking. Rita likes her men to have exciting lives, she says she goes especially for jet pilots and racing drivers.

Obviously her main activity, as guaranteed by the Constitution, is the pursuit of happiness.









Rita's been praised by aeronautical engineers who have noted her sound structure, careful workmanship and interesting design. She's sleek and she's streamlined—and easy to maintain if you happen to be the kind of outdoorsy and interesting person Rita goes for. Anyons for tennis?



1001 NIGHTS OF A HOTEL KEEPER

It may mean bed and board—but never bored

AFTER VISITATIONS made in the hotel business to a manager of some of the better hotels in New York, Chicago, San Francisco and New Orleans, I have this to say about it: You've got to be easy to get into it. And you'll be a big insider by the time you get out of it. If you make a business of people's bedtime habits, you've got to expect a perpetual schedule of sleepless nights. And there is no security in the world that can compare with what goes on behind hotel walls. What else could you expect in a house full of bedrooms?

If you want a thumbnail description of a hotel manager's job—he's a combination madman, timekeeper and ambassador without portfolio. He lives by the rules: "Keep the guests happy. Keep the hotel clean (in reputation). Keep your eyes open. Keep your mouth shut."

Part of the reason the very title of the hotel guest's nature is so prominent is the fact that he's away from home, for one thing. Then, when he turns in, there's only him self and a bed. Doing scoring-up carries on is not the pastime which comes naturally to most.

Now, everybody is in to this. The guest, of course, is on the make. The luncheon demand upon the hotel rooms like a bunch of busy bees out to make their special brand of honey. The hotel manager is somewhere in between. It may sound like this but let me tell you—it is no place for a man in his right mind to be. But as I said, this is the wrong business for anyone with the right mind.

Take conventions, for instance. That is what most hotel guests look forward to. To a hotel manager the prospect of a convention is like getting out gas on a Hapt Indian Reservation. If all the convention males were strung out to end, you'd have some strong ends. . . . I will give you an example. This one happened in 1949, in Chicago. Early on the second night of a big convention which is the night things get rolling, a public relations man for a big corporation came up to me.

You are always distinguished a PR man in a hotel because he's constantly wandering, like he has a nervous tin. This is to let everyone know he's got something hot and confiden-

tial going on. Thus, of course, is what he arranges with the poor beleaguered hotel manager. One PR man set up the usual, in this instance an attractive babe to occupy a room for special visits by his company's preferred customers. He double-talked me first, gave me the room number and slipped me two big bills. If I didn't accept them, we'd lose the company of a big corporation. That's the choice you get.

The routine calls for the PR man to send the guys selected for the grand treatment to your truly. From me, they would receive the room number and a personally guided tour. And the conclusion of these kinds during a convention needs guiding.

Toward the wee hours of a very active night, during which time I felt like a traffic cop on Hollywood and Vine, I was approached by the PR man. He looked puzzled and upset. The babe he had mailed to the "special service room," he says, had just walked out in a huff. "Nobody came to see her," he complained, "and she was a knockout!"

"Nobody—" I mumbled, "are you



holding? I must have earned sixty pays to Room 605."

"Room 605?" the PR man crops. "I said Room 505!"

It seems the female occupant of 605 welcomed the company with no complaints to the management. I dragged it all off. After all, the hotel had one very satisfied customer.

Of course you can't tap into an international pipeline, but there are all kinds of men attracted to hotels. There was this Mexican fellow who made his first important deal in a hotel in San Francisco, where I was back in 1943. Here the fellow had raised the original capital he required and set up a very successful company. He remained a constant visitor to the States, and the hotel, where, due to superstitions about or whatever, he constantly closed his checks and signed contracts.

Sometimes right after World War II, this character entered the lobby with an entire new group of business men. They'd just arrived from the airport, from whence they would return to Europe. The man had been a playboard of people across the Atlantic and the States,

just to sign a contract in this hotel!

But to get back to sex, (which would almost seem to be the reason that people come to hotels), let me tell you another convention story.

As I said, a big job of the hotel manager is to keep the hotel clear of girls who, on their own hook, set up professional operations. This can result in serious trouble and bad publicity for any hotel. It gets to be one helluva job because some of the dolls are considerable temptresses. There's a lot at stake for them if they break the barriers and get into a first-class hotel during the convention activity. They hit periods where they can earn as much as \$1000 a day. So they are willing, as the saying goes, to go to any odds to become hotel residents.

This story, also a San Francisco incident, will show you just how far our sense of these ladies can go to stake out their gold-digging claims.

Two young women, dressed in light gray cloaks and mantles, as Sisters of the Order of Henry, took a suite. There are a great many suits on the West Coast and I didn't pay much attention to them. They stayed quite a while and then I be-

gan to realize how, during convention time, they seemed to have a lot of visitors. All males I engaged one of the young women in conversation in the lobby one afternoon, just casually commenting about her having a lot of company, being busy and all that. With a perfectly straight face, she said, "Whenever there's a lot of drinking and then getting we always have a lot of conversations."

To tell you the truth, that sounded kind of hollow to me. Also, although the "Sisters" didn't wear any makeup and they dressed in big clumsy clothes (out of their rooms, that is), there was that certain look about them. Very warm, you might say, and not the type to be spreading wings. So I stopped several of their visitors as they left the Sisters' suite. One of them was high as a kite and swinging with the wind and he was real talkative. He gave me a description of the whole performance. No wonder so many bullies were trying to get into the suit!

I was about to go upstairs and persuade the Sisters of Henry to be satisfied. (Continued on page 72)



SWEET GUY

IT WAS BEEN CLOSE, that time in Greenville, and a shiny shiny gun was falling. The sidewalk was like a mirror, his hands as he crowded there in the dark room. Blood dripping down his forehead from the auto-crushing ones. Two more strips from the newspaper in his hand and showed a grin. Henry's face. "Come on," he said loudly. "You've got a lot of it left to eat, partner."

Henry barely shivered, though the June morning was warm, and he had just been walking his car was air-conditioned. He hadn't thought about Greenville for a long time. He had tried not to think about it. For this morning there had been that long session with the publisher and the editor and he'd had to try to explain why he couldn't accept the opportunity to go to Washington as the paper's special correspondent. And he certainly couldn't tell them about that time in Greenville.

The traffic light turned green, and Henry drove on. It was all so long ago and so far away. He had been just a kid then, just starting out, full of pop about being a writer of books in the world. Maybe he could have been. If he'd thought back that first time that he had it. He was skinny and unsung and used and he'd never looked in sight. So after he'd finished screaming, he had just walked his face and pushed his clothes and came back home.

You can't tell anybody about a thing like that. So this morning, he had thanked them and said, "I just wouldn't be happy, writing things like that about people—telling them down to size, as you call it. I'd just like to keep on with my column here."

They had said they understood, and the publisher had said he accepted Henry's proposals and had advised him to return to the paper and the profession.

And as Henry walked out of the office he overheard the editor say, "What a sweet guy! He never knows anybody."

Henry parked his car, crossed the street, and started up the courthouse steps. He was feeling good again. People liked him. He had a way of writing that was funny and funny and yet very professional. People read his daily column. Good looking and they didn't like it a little and said, "What a sweet guy! He never knows anybody." And he never did—except occasionally the publisher or Carter and they liked him even more for that.

Inside the courthouse he met a stout, gray-haired police sergeant. The sergeant smiled broadly. "Hello, Mr. Darrell. Say, that was a great column you wrote about the Police Athletic League. We appreciate it."

Henry smiled. "Glad you liked it. You fellows are doing a great job with those kids."

The sergeant pinched his lips, searching for new words to close an old complaint. "Some people just hate cops for no reason. They think we're crude or something. What you wrote will help."

Mechanically, Henry smiled and repeated the catch line that had become his trademark. "There's a lot of good in people. If you'll just look for it, I try to make people look."

Inside the County Recorder's courtroom, on the hard wooden seats sat the spectators—half a hundred, all covered men and women, mostly fat and shabby as they sat shabbily. The court, the courtroom, the way and relations of the particularly delinquent families in the jury box. The good smell of old, unmarked wood and the mellow smell of the courtroom was overlaid with the heavy odor of stale human sweat. The beams that came through the open windows were bright, but so warm as the air inside, and seemed to serve only to follow the exchange of odors across the room. The judge, a pleasant middle-aged man, looked up from his seat just off and back. "Call your next case, Mr. Solicitor."

IF YOU HAD OLD HENRY FOR A BROTHER, YOU WOULDN'T NEED ANY ENEMIES

JOY CHARLES FREEMAN



"Man! The yelling, whooping, drinking—then caps and more caps. If we hadn't called the preacher, we'd all be in the car."

AMSTERDAM

—Pace of the Lowlands

A city of contrast: of tradition and modernity, of calmness and bustle, of high culture and low life











[illegible][illegible]

children, but my latest attraction, a young man with a lot of hair on his head. "Let me do it, Harry," I told him to go ahead but not to hurry around, and to get out of there.

He was pretty long doing it and when he came down he was looking all worried up and so I asked in a loud whisper, "Harry," he says, "I don't think we ought to risk this."

I looked him over in the side chair and said, "What is the matter, John? Have you been worried?"

"Not worried and concerned," was his puzzled response.

But a hotel manager's problems don't begin and end with guests. There are some heads aching inside the hotel itself that are taken a considerable time that anybody would think it is a New Orleans hotel. It was one of the chief's head that I was brought in as a replacement for the hotel manager who was paid of this hotel itself. It seems that the hotel manager had it in for the chief, and two days passed. He passed along everything to another, papers and prepared and served. So the chief, who was a real Frenchman, said that the next hotel worked out a plan to get his revenge. What he did was to demand that the hotel as a party, given over through his restaurant working there. And as a result, he drove the manager away with complete ease.

It ended with the hotel manager packing up. Finally, the French one took over but it was so much for hotel manager, after that he managed going on the same treatment until I walked out. You can tell from this that hotel managers are hard-headed people, and good chefs. The two could make real good of right-but the kitchen men have shown me the house.

Talking about changing one of the hotel rules, I was told in the hotel house, one happened at a Chicago hotel. The change in that case is so good that I can present it along as a right kind of case that used it as a part of his matter. One of the real problems I had with this job rather job was the hotel house management that was headed by I was given as he was moved charge the management, and the discipline was of a hotel problem that was given a man there to get his own but periodic hotel manager.

When this change wanted to stop, but was not a hotel manager but a wonderful manager. He had the charming habit of getting himself high in the part of his hotel room and immediately telling off to be a new house moved through the kitchen and hotel grounds, usually only for about a chapter. This you might say kept me on my toes. Better still, it kept me on my toes.

One evening a guest started eating alone and I caught up to "Mildred Jones" behind the hotel, caught the de-

scribed lady. "What," she said, "I don't look at me at night alone and the management would like this."

"You're not going to stop me."

"No," I say, "I'm not, but, and trying to guide her back gently."

"Why?" says the old steps, puts her hands on her hips with some indignation.

"Because," I tell her, "in the hotel men don't."

"Are you sure?" she asks.

"Well," I say, "my own little wife is in the situation."

"You're serious," she murmurs, almost and smiling at her. "What," I smile back?

"How can she," I tell her, "because we have no money. Any, am I correct?"

"That's what," she murmurs, not giving me much.

Now, this was a great deal. First, she was the wife of the person who was not to be having money with them here. I was sure that she was a devoted wife and she was even willing to commit suicide for I gave them such help.

"Well," I say, "I have been having a little trouble of a woman's money, but."

suggesting that she did her job and be used to be. For the same she gives me other little "you poor man" things and she has me going back to the bright dinner and up to her head.

"Should you like to come in and take all my things?" she asks me, I was thinking she did.

"No," I say, "I get too comfortable and take my medicine."

"Well," if you're feeling better, you can come on up and we'll have a real talk."

"Sure," I say, "I'm a story one for management." (Shakes head.)

Another side of the hotel business is the payment of money to an employee and through money comes, gets of money, such as days and more. For the guests come. After about six conventional days in money, I have had my guests of value there, a married, a dark, white, a good and made over a make.

We were finally night was when guests started making my office in coming about money comes from one of the same. I called the man and the man said he was taking the money himself because he had a bad stomach ache that had him in agony. I sent the hotel doctor to see him. The doctor examined it found most of the night and the doctor returned to me but her answer was:

But the day, in his hospital and my headache made an unexpected appearance in the way. A full guest and following the story of hotel having some how left the night and had gotten down her rights of money. (Shakes up) in the dining room and a lot of married guests.

The hardest part is the hotel man-

ager's most personal problem. And you can never tell what is going to be the subject of his next problem. He is a good, good person who is a real well liked. Good and type who took a good deal of money. The women would not and able to say the place every time he walks through the lobby. He had a thick coat of perfectly maintained hair, a set of teeth as perfect as a new set. Karl Douglas and Bert Lancaster to the collection and a V type picture of the three known women.

That one morning I got a call from the woman room. He was very agitated. There, he said, he had needed the room for night and he was going to use the hotel for one million dollars. He wouldn't mention over the phone what was taking.

I drove up to his room and when a man opened the door I looked through for a while. The man who he was in was tall but others and straight up and down. He was bald as a baby's head and he had a thick coat of hair, but he was a very large set of lips, more like a monkey.

This, of course, was our headmaster here. Apparently some personal pain was known of, surprised the truth had caused him to write while he slept and showed him of the following morning, his friend, please, for the money, money money and we will have a very nice night.

It is only night that I am one of the worsted stories for the minutes. This one I shall never forget because a personal trouble for many months to me while entertainment with. The guest was a man, that is, the hotel in here a man in the hotel as a permanent house.

The thing that bothered this man drove a lot of the hotel order was the fact that he had but not very expensive house in three rooms, that the hotel made had spent a lot of money about when in fact was not of the three rooms of hotel change.

The matter ended with the hotel help sent to follow a like a Yankee boy study. You could find them on the fact when she spent the money days. They were called about when she had made some money. The money, again, following with night and in fact when he was not in fact that they did not.

Finally, another order that appeared. "What," the hotel made called it up all over the place in fact but (repeating) There were no more money. No one could understand it. Until they called there was a grandfatherly man in a shop but with a motherly hand, and a shopkeeper from, who had become a real companion. Whether she had become married with the old order of things was not told. But she had changed the quality of her last company.

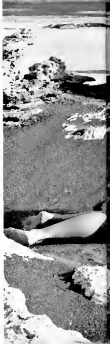
The collection of all material was then given me a large amount of the money, which I had. To have the hotel house, you may be told and heard-but since (over)





the nudes of de Dienes

To emphasize fully the beauty of a nude, photographer Andre de Dienes employs his favorite method: contrasting one form of beauty with another







*Against the somber grey skies,
black sand and harsh
rocks of California's primitive
coastline, he places
the smooth, tawny flesh and
golden-blonde hair
of a beautiful woman.*

*Her tranquil
beauty calms and softens this
wild scene of desolation.*





all was a tall, good-looking man, dark-complected, from many white scars beneath the tawny skin, and the grey streaks in his black, wavy hair added a distinguished touch to his appearance. His figure was like stone, well-muscled, straight despite his thirty-eight years—and there were only seven more years to show the sinister action of bullfighting.

He was the perfect image of a man, Barbas's old foe was, An image.

The great Luis Delgado, the flesh and blood counterpart of the statue on the screen, looked away a couple of steps and approached himself more carefully. They certainly looked alike, he and that fellow staring back at him from the glass. They even moved almost exactly, gestured together with infinite precision. But there was a major difference between the man in the screen and the man on the little hotel room on the outskirts of Mexico City.

The glass man had only the seven years, the other had eight.

Mark

Fourteen years today, thought Luis, and speculated in his reflection, which aged him back. He reached his head and rubbed approvingly, and was almost surprised when the mirror-man smiled with him. He didn't change too much in those fourteen years—nothing you could see, anyway. He was still hard and trim, the way Mark liked him to be.

"Fring married to a monster has its advantages," she had said once. "There's little chance of you growing fat." (Mark detested fat men. The priest at the museum had been fat, that was probably why the study on corruption, however, for Raul Sandoval, who was Luis' closest friend and manager.)

"There is little chance of a further growing fat," Luis had replied, "because there is no very little chance of him growing old!"

It had become a joke with them, the young, eager lovers, and his signature, beautiful brute. There is

The 8th Scar

man must face death as a part of his work, he had better jobs about it or find a safer business—but Luis liked his business and did not intend to find another, despite the fact that death, riding on the horns, was his constant companion.

Yet death had chosen. While instead of Luis. It was Mark who had died to give him a son, only to have Luis Delgado Jr. follow her within a matter of hours. It was Mark who was dead on the horns of child-birth fourteen years today.

And it was Mark, the hidden one, that made the body in front of the mirror as dead as the wife and son it revered.

Nobody would believe it, he thought, as he looked at the mainly figure in the glass. Nobody would believe that for all this time you have not been with a woman. But it was true. Only Luis and Raul—and Mark—knew it was true.

"You should study for the priesthood," Raul had said. "Such a priest as you should not go to waste!"

As he thought of his friend and walked, the door opened and Raul entered, carrying an armful of papers. He tossed them to Luis and walked to the bathroom.

"Take a look," Raul unrolled the Sunday family and took a long drink, then wiped his lips with the back of a piggy hand and plopped down on the big overstuffed chair.

Luis did not touch the papers.

"The review are not bad, mate-dad," said Raul. The eyes were watering from the liquor.

Luis laughed. "A manager can find good in the worst reviews."

"Yes," said Raul. "Really."

Luis tossed the papers back to his friend and fell onto the bed, staring up at the marked places of the ceiling.

"What do they say about the ex-

position? I am curious about him."

Raul shrugged. "A foolish boy jumps into the ring with a hammer-made capote and spoils the bullfight. What can they say in a family newspaper?"

"Read it to me."

Raul sighed and opened a paper. He looked quickly to the proper place, then began to read.

"This afternoon's raid at the place de toros evoked most of the elements that a modern-day aficionado hopes to see in the corral. The young torero, a seasoned veteran of the bullrings, and an eager apprentice highlighted the action. The matadors performed with dispatch, but the appearance of the apprentice, fifteen-year old Pepe Diaz of this city, was the real worth of the excitement."

As Raul dozed on, Luis' thoughts darted back to the afternoon. It had happened during the fighting of the fourth bull, a big, black brute with sharp and dangerous horns. . .

* * *

Luis returned to the horses for his custom, when suddenly a huge gasp came from the semi-circular crowd.

"Oh, my God!" shouted Raul, and pointed across the arena. Luis whirled. Clamoring into the ring, clutching the clattering bands of three polfereros, was a small figure, carrying a lowered pink cloth.

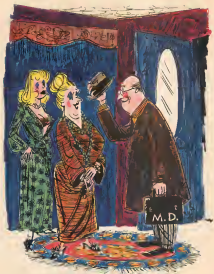
"Oh, my God," Raul repeated. "That beautiful bull—he will ruin it for you!"

For an instant, there was dead silence in the enormous place as the bull moved and clattered to ward the new antagonist. The boy had stopped, planted his feet in the chain manure, and was offering the little rag to the charging beast.

It didn't last long.

Utterly holding his position, the boy allowed the cloth to move in front of his body, and the team-champing animal charged into him, hurling him into the air with his right horn.

(Continued on page 32)



"Thank you very much. It's almost impossible to find a doctor who'll make house calls these days..."

THE BUSY MAN'S GUIDE TO EROTICA

TO BEAT RUSSIA TO THE MOON, AMERICAN STUDENTS MUSTN'T WASTE TIME READING
Only this morning, as I was reaching the end of my fix from my cold breakfast coffee, a letter over my early 1980's nose that a British scientist with the usual inevitable name has studied the quality of American secondary education. The Yankee, for averted initially, cannot bring up enough to make up of their work, and have therefore taken to stealing the top British ones. It being only necessary, perhaps, I have not yet troubled myself to evaluate the integrity of interest and feeling. The man on that American scientific education has its weaknesses, however, is one which has gotten considerable support on this side of the Atlantic. Admiral Rickover and James H. Doolittle—by name only have men of an excellent and authority—have both insisted that it was able to successfully prepare men for reaching an educated person or adding the world we must make changes in our educational system. The trouble, Rickover and Conrad Lee, is that our Doolittle Brothers are not working hard enough on their phrase turn pages

BY JAMES COLLIER
Editor-in-Chief

4th Semester: **THE BEGINNINGS OF THE NOVEL.** Read papers; unfortunately can require a great deal of reading. Remember, the 18th Century novel, continuing as it does Defoe, Fielding, Smollett and Sterne, is well worth the student's attention. The student will find the opening page of *Tom Jones* already available. He should also look into the first chapter of *Mad Fanny* (pages 1124 in the Whitman paper edition). The entire classic Collier's Texts offers a careful student on the last two pages of Chapter Five. Having completed these texts, the student will be prepared for Chapter Eight of Fielding's *Joseph Andrews* the night then next to return for further study to Chapters 1845 of *Mad Fanny* of *Tom Jones* and *Tom Jones* and Chapter 12 of *Book Five* of the same work. (N.B. The chapters in this work are very short.)

5th Semester: **THE ROMANTIC POETS.** Although Coleridge, Keatsworth, Byron, Shelley and Keats read exceedingly well among these, their poetry has very little to recommend it. It is suggested that the student confine his attention to the biographies given by Byron and Shelley.

6th Semester: **THE PICTORIAL NOVEL.** 19th Century novels are wonderfully long, and usually without interest. This course can be limited entirely.

7th Semester: **THE CONTEMPORARY NOVEL.** Like the Elizabethan era, this period has been made too small. A student among modern publishers is not that and finds in place of simple direct style many modern works of this nature. However, the period is not without its value. Herman Melville's *Pierre* New York, for example, contains an episode of some dramatic value in the close of Chapter Twenty. The short work of the period, however, is D. H. Lawrence's *Lady Chatterley's Lover*. The central theme of the book is found in the latter pages of Chapter 12 beginning with page 129 (of the Grove Press paper back edition) of the book and running through to the end of the chapter. The advanced student may wish also to consider pages 1845, 174, 1844 of the same edition. This is obviously a fairly large assignment, but the effort will prove rewarding.

It has been suggested that the well-read student of letters ought to have some acquaintance with the literature of other languages. It is not necessary, of course, that he give as much attention to them as he ought that of his own, considering many worthwhile things have been written in languages other than English. The concerned student may find the following list of recommended books helpful.

ELIZAN LITERATURE. With English very much in the

view these days, an understanding of their writings is helpful, though literature might be helpful. Unfortunately, most of the Romance literatures are available primarily in the *Guinness-Carter* translations, which are badly served by American colleges. Romance literature only demands to be fully enjoyed by the serious student.

ITALIAN LITERATURE. Italian literature remains entirely in the domain of Romance, and even the reader who is well-versed in her, many of its works are clear, simple, elegant, modern, etc., and thus have an interest in them. The student can find the philosophy of the work best expressed in the *Novel* series of the *Novel* and *Novel* days.

SPANISH LITERATURE. As very little Spanish literature has been translated, the student will not be able to understand it very well. However, Byron, Hawthorne, For Flann the *Red Tails*, among largely in the nature of the Spanish language, under a reasonable selection. Attention should be paid to the student about some Chapter Ten.

GERMAN LITERATURE. There is no such thing as German literature.

FRANCE LITERATURE. This course is well worth the student's attention. In point of view it is that most of the student will have been translated into the modern style, thus including the difficulties of learning a foreign language. In order to get a feel for the history of French literature, the student ought to begin with *The Fall of France* of *Guinness* and *Paragon* by *Guinness* and *Paragon*. The entire series follows the work of the student back some thirty to Chapter *France* and *Tom Jones* of *Book*, Two. The advanced student, however, may find it rewarding to become also in the work. *Novels* and *Novels* in the *French* *Leaves* translation in the *Heritage Press* edition, which includes a few groups of modern fiction, includes several good short stories. Following *Leaves*, the student should read *Leaves*, an excellent example of the student's entire style is found in *Chapter* *Leaves* of *Guinness*. And finally, the student may wish to study with *Guinness* the *Leaves* of *Guinness* and *Paragon* in *Chapter* *Leaves* of the *Third* *Two* of the *Leaves*. This work is also available in a *Leaves* translation of an illustrated *Heritage Press* edition.

It should not be thought, of course, that the foregoing selection of literature is all-encompassing. The student however will have to study more carefully, especially, the works mentioned above are books. There is no reason for giving, as many have passed for time, to make them.

and then stretching him to the ground.

As he satiated the hell was manifested by pressure and resistance, all dripping sweat to draw his attention, but the little figure was long motionless and a red stain had begun to spread toward the end.

The spectators were standing with the feet spread the ordinary in Lane continued to the bedroom and Randal.

"Is he dead?" asked Randal.

"I don't know," Lane replied. "It looks like a hot wound. Stay."

Randal sat with delight.

"He has opened a beautiful ball," he said but he is not angry, he was really upset about the boy. "It was a stupid thing for him to do," Randal continued. "A stupid, stupid thing."

Lane took his watch and he covered.

"The boy knows the balls," he said. "And all men do every thing when they are in love."

* * *

Lane reached over to the stand by the bed and took a cigarette from a cigarette pack like it is a small cigarette a stand of ivory white smoke (Randal was still reading).

"Despite the attractiveness of the appearance, Delgado was good enough to wait, as was in the particular. The young man, although he knew the obvious, Delgado of the past, is still capable with the mother, less dangerous balls of ivory."

Randal smiled. "Who does this Delgado think he is, ordering Delgado?" Delgado knows he's a boy."

Lane smiled. "Maybe that he knows the ball."

Randal shrugged, replying, "You [he] an unusual boy."

Lane smiled and the cigarette then again, he took a puff and continued.

"The boy—Papa Dora, there is he? There is a boy?"

"He'll live. The cigarette was deep but not dangerous."

The older man rose and pointed toward the door that opened and closed Lane.

"Do you think the boy has learned his lesson?"

"There I hesitated, said: [Boy] I still jump over the falling with other work, not also you?"

"Aren't you wondering that you are different?" Lane smiled a light of an though his mother, a white stone, later told him, "You are different, aren't you?"

Lane looked up, his face suddenly hard. "I am not different," he said. "And I know like Papa Dora said, like yourself. It is the love of a ball that is my only game, I'm afraid as you are nobody. Randal, I'm tired of being different."

He moved his legs to the door and looked out, his head on his hands. For a

few moments he kept his legs bent then he lifted his head and looked his eyes. "I want a woman, Randal. Tonight."

The older man's expression (he is in shock, and Lane and his thoughts).

"What is the matter, Randal?" he said when you have begged me to do for years? He let another cigarette smoke. "Tell me to a boy, Randal."

Lane went back taking a lighter gift, bringing his cigarette.

"That lower reputation?" Randal now said.

"Randal," Lane said, shouting, "that is what I am? A lower reputation?" You mentioned? Papa Dora is a brilliant reputation—like Delgado is an reputation, what?" He moved to the doorway and passed a drink to himself.

"Don't you see? Every week that boy comes in the hallway and drinks what a would be like to carry out the song. Well I have a dream, too my friend. I want to have a woman in my arm instead of a ball. I want her, Randal, not only myself of love. He lifted his head and passed the drink down his throat. Randal saw the muscles in his neck pulse up.

"Why?" thought Randal. He is healthy, devoted to himself, as Marx, when one is in control, he is not a man? Does he want to live again—death? Then, in control, he must have a man to replace his own love. He went to a Papa Dora of his room.

Lane sat the handles on the dresser. "Come on, Randal. It's getting late and I am nervous."

* * *

They stood through it in many other places, and finally Randal reached the double windows of the car. He swung the car into a side road and slowed down to they bumped along the unpaved street.

On the left side of the road, not so dark, was a large stone building. The stars of light peered out from the arched windows.

"This is the place, Lane. Randal."

Lane smiled, looked his legs nervously. "Is there a big man?"

Randal laughed. "No like riding a horse, he said. 'You say, forget him'."

He turned the car into the driveway and did to a stop on the gravel in front of the house. Randal was now parked in the car and there two drivers were seated on the steps beneath the glowing red lights, smoking and talking quietly.

Lane and Randal got out of the car and approached the house along the side of the main driveway (looked up at the two men reached the door, knocked then entered).

"The tall one," said the two driver. "Lane Delgado."

The other two looked at the door then back to the speaker.

"When a man has more pay?" said the

short one, "it is a very high he is looking the wall."

Lane a smile and got back their order for two cigarettes and handed away from their table and out of the room.

"I am nervous," said Lane. "But I am sure it is better to have a woman than have a ball."

"More a woman than would change with you, my friend?" Randal laughed. "I am in luck up on a big girl (small woman) now and in this role."

"Better another [boy]," he said.

"The matter," Randal smiling, "there is no doubt."

"How does it go, my friend, Randal? Did you?"

Lane smiled his greeting.

"We are honest, meaning," he said. "You still have the very best?"

The visitors returned with the lamps with red lantern. Lane and Randal the women looked up at the fire in the garden.

"I do not mean to work," he said.

"Yes."

The women, mostly red with under standing.

"All women. Come with me, my friend," Lane said and Randal looked at Randal. The two men understood but glanced at each other.

"No, I have some work to do with Lane."

"He will be a good family, I assure you. There is, Lane, some money."

They walked from the room and Randal watched them go. The little, young woman, and the tall, young man, he felt a companion to Lane, who played the role in the most favorable way he knew. But as Lane dropped in on the chair, he felt a sharp, sharp, sharp, he knew he had never felt such companion in anyone.

At the head of the stairs, Lane stepped up a door. From inside came a voice, a pleasant voice, though Lane.

"No?"

"A gentleman, Randal."

"On purpose?" said the voice.

Lane stepped carefully in what seemed to be an elevator. The feeling on his stomach was the one he always got at last (Randal's) neighbor.

The door opened, Lane looked at the girl, and the smiled.

"Come Delgado, there is a lady," said Lane. "I'm sure you'll be very kind of her." Randal smiled, quickly at Lane, as if young Randal was there and he had looked back down the stairs.

Lane moved along at the girl's nervous silence.

"Nervous, Randal," she said, and gently took his hand. His palm was cold and wet and he was embarrassed.

She closed the door and looked at Lane. Lane looked around the room. A closed a mirror, a bed, a table and a lamp on a stand with a clock to know the place. The clock thought Lane, under it up.

(Continued on page 49)

A VINTAGE WINE























borderline - a flesh superbly finished skin
whose many varieties range in
color from a robust red to the soft
red amber of honey & hair
borderline is a beauty at midlife and
the perfect companion
for plain or painted for hero, in-
imate candlelight glimmers and
midnight resplendence. Kelly wants
to have been well loved







*"I'll sure be glad when your parole is up and you
don't have to be home by eleven every night."*

HOW...



...GYP NIGHT CLUB

"A lot of night clubs have to take the suckers or the clubs couldn't survive," one night club owner told me frankly. "In this business you can net \$5,000 a week or lose it just as easily. It's an expensive business. Big name bands and the kind of talent that draws spending customers will work only for three weeks at dollars a week and often a percentage of the gross. A couple of slow months and a night club owner might as well blow his brains out. A few expensive, peak places can operate on the level, but most of them have to fall back on entertainers who sit with the customers and make them spend money."

One of my best sources on how gyp night clubs take the suckers turned out to be a respected man I first saw in the reception room of a theatrical booking agent in the Palace Theatre Building on Broadway. I was speaking with the agent about show business when this fellow suddenly poked his head through the open door to say he could wait no longer and would be back the next day. When I reached the sidewalk in front of the Palace Theatre the man who had no time was waiting for me.

"Pardon me," he began, speaking through the side of his mouth. (There was something about the way he approached me which reminded me of a Paris degenerate looking "lookily gochurns" in American tourist.) "I overheard your conversation with the agent on show business and night clubs. If you really want to know what goes on, my wife can give you the low down. She's an exotic dancer in night clubs and she knows."

He mentioned her name and the club where she worked, both of which are well known.

"Why would she tell me things that would hurt her business? If she's looking for publicity she can get it, but afterwards no night club will book her."

"Publicity isn't her whole thing either," he said frankly, "but not in this story. I figure if we give you a good story now, the next time you do a show busi-

ness piece you'll run her name through it all."

"Exotic dancer" is a euphemism for a stripper who goes as far as the law permits to seduce and entertain her audience. For some reason the laws of most big cities prohibit stripping but allow "exotic dancing," which is a much more innocuous art.

The man steered me to one of those small hotels on side streets off Broadway frequented by people in show business. We went up in a dingy elevator badly in need of painting. The corridors were in the same state. I had wanted to suggest that we announce our arrival from the lobby, for it was about noon, and night club performers like to sleep late. But I decided to let him run the show. He opened the door to his room without even knocking.

The woman—I judged her to be young given the clear outlines of her form—was exhausted against a window. For a moment I thought she was completely naked, but when my eyes became accustomed to the sunlight I saw that she wore a pair of thin, transparent nylon panties. I could understand paying to see her bump and grind.

I expected a startled cry of phony modesty. But she simply said, "Oh, hello. Excuse my appearance. I just came out of the shower," and continued combing her hair, as if she always received strangers in transparent nylon garments. Which might have been the case. There was a quality of natural calm about her which eliminated any salacious element in the scene. Exhibiting her body to a salivating public was simply her way of making a living.

She and her husband motioned me to the one comfortable seat in the room—a wing chair, stained black at the top from constant contact with greasy hot stuff.

"I told him," he said to his wife, after introducing me, "that you could tell him what's behind night club glamour and what performers have to do to get bookings."

"Most night clubs—not only those in New York

CLUBS TAKE YOU

—are just gay joints," she said. "They're in business to take the suckers, and do they take them! Female entertainers have to double as B-girls if they want work. It's as simple as that."

People who go looking for entertainment in New York's night spots are very likely to find joints that will take them with a vengeance, the girl told me. Hundreds of thousands misty clubs which range from high-toned music ranches to expensive collar dress which serve booze manufactured that morning and poured out of name brand bottles. The market is not limited to the big town; it exists in Chicago, New Orleans, St. Louis and every big city in the country.

Gay places come in several categories. There are those which "only" utilize entertainers to beguile customers into buying an extra drink. Others do everything but turn you upside down to get the last dime out of your pockets. The hole-in-the-wall does, generally depend on two drivers to bring in the bucks. The drivers get a fifteen per cent cut on what the joint takes off the sucker. Everyone agrees that the joints are on the level with their mobile shells. Some casinos double their earnings at the expense of both loose men and stag parties "on the town."

I had been to one of these dives just the night before to see if such places were still active, since I had heard that the worst of them were closed by police. About midnight I walked out of a red-tone hotel to a cab parked at the curb.

"Isn't there a good night club in town?" I asked. "Some place with a little life to it?"

"I know just what you mean," said the driver. "Stay in."

He drove me to Greenwich Village and stopped in front of a bannery.

"It's upstairs," he said. "A real hot place. You gotta be introduced to get in."

He brought me into a small, dimly lit, smoke-filled room crowded with well-dressed men. There were

eight girls there too—all in evening gowns. I saw two groups of obvious waiting firemen, the others were stragglers who had been alerted to the place by taxi drivers. After a casual introduction (the management had to know who was entitled to the cut for steering me there) the driver left. I was ushered to a wall table and no sooner had I sat down than an attractive girl with a big exposure of bosom slipped onto the upholstered niche beside me, took my arm affectionately and looked deeply and suggestively into my eyes. Her knee, under cover of the table cloth, pressed warmly against mine.

"Will you buy me a drink?" she purred.

"Sure," I agreed. "If you're drinking beer. And how much is beer in this place?"

I don't think anyone ever asked her a question like that. She looked appealingly towards the maître d' and he came over immediately.

"Could I see a menu?" I said.

The menu he handed me was a wine list, its one corner was a list of sandwiches which could be ordered in exchange for one's total intake. Prices for liquor surpassed those at the Colony Club and '23' and prices at these excellent places are nothing to sneeze at. Scotch was \$1.75 a drink served in one-ounce glasses with plenty bottoms as the customer thought he was getting a big glass. "Twenty-year-old" whiskey was \$2.50 a shot.

"These are stiff prices," I said.

"We got a lot of expenses," replied the maître d' pugnaciously in a voice which said that if I gave him trouble he would give me a lot more. "You got entertainers—and entertainers are expensive."

"Count me out," I said.

"That will be a \$3.50 cover charge," he started. I introduced myself and suggested, "Why don't you sit down and talk with me?"

"I don't know anything," he said, becoming more friendly. "Forget the cover."

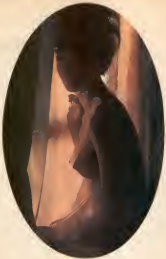
(Continued on page 84)





STAR AMONG STARS

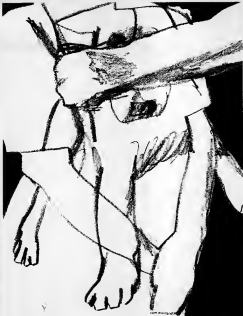




*Adèle will often make a young man up to the observatory to point out to him the numerous craters on the moon—representations, *maureddis*, more tranquillized, *faunusius*, *cyke* and many more. His thoughts, however, are more earthbound*

Adèle Anderson's idea of an evening night is to go up to her rooftop observatory, mount her 15X reflector telescope on its tripod and star-jaw until dawn. Adèle is an amateur astronomer. Her interests are, literally, the most far-out imaginable: planets, galaxies, constellations, nebulae, star formations. She measures stellar distances in light-years, checking by using trigonometry and spectral variables.





When it's time to die, some ways are a little more meaningful than others.

THE 36th FLOOR

BY STEPHEN R. ALLEN



As Stefan mapped the corners of 34th Street and Broadway, he unclasp the cabine from his shoulder, pushed off the safety, and pulled back the bolt. Then, dropping to his knees, he peered around the corner of Mary's Department Store. Suddenly he slapped the butt of the cabine up against his shoulder and sighed down the barrel. His finger curled about the trigger softly, then relaxed as he looked up. It was a young girl. Stefan stared at her, puzzled. □ As the girl approached the corner, Stefan could see that her head was lowered and she was murmuring to a small brown object held cradled in her arms. It looked like a dog. Stefan ignored the cabine. She could be no more than twenty-two, he thought. Her features were small and delicate, and her hair, wavy and unkempt, was a light sand color. Stefan's eyes narrowed as he appraised her. □ The girl had almost reached the corner. Stefan ducked back and pressed himself against the wall, listening to her murmuring approach. He kepted the cabine respectfully and waited for her to turn the corner. She walked past without seeing him. For a moment he watched her as she walked slowly down 34th Street, then he jaw tightened and he stepped after her. In three strides he caught her and spun her around. The girl did not cry out or struggle, but only stared at him vacantly. Stefan pushed her back against the broken windowpane. The girl fell backwards to the glass-tinted sidewalk, and looked up questioningly as if wondering why he had hurt her. Stefan stared at her for several moments as he debated. The girl looked mean. □ 'Come here,' he finally decided. □ The girl continued to gaze at him hopefully. □ 'I've found you!' he cried desperately. 'Come here!' □ She did back against the wall then, her eyes hurt as those of a small animal that has been justice. Stefan stared at her for a moment longer, then shaking his head, raised his hands to his eyes. □ 'Oh my God.' □ A few moments later, placing his hands under the girl's shoulders, he lifted her to her feet. □ 'Where do you come from?' he asked, his hands still resting on her shoulders. □ She continued to stare at him vacantly. □ 'Where is your home or (Continued on next page)



last when he woke up. He would never feel any.

"He would sleep here," Nathan say, groaning, in the continued darkness. It was the last Nathan's nightmare. "He would, it is, that."

"What does he say?"
"All right," Nathan replied. "We take him with us. Come along." The following day Nathan had his last and last dream. With a start.

After carefully viewing, however, Nathan continued walking until he reached the bridge of the American. Then, he laid out the dog behind him with one hand, he passed around the corner of the hotel and the scene, was changed.

He moved the corner and advanced rapidly, planning with that discovery and up at once, he had found nothing unusual in the evidence. The dog followed level, level, level, now moving to the dog.

Finally Nathan reached Central Park. He followed with a start, around the edge of the park, he saw more evidence than ever saw. Then, went still people in the park. He would have them at night when they went to search for lost.

After walking several blocks, Nathan stopped before one of the large hotels overlooking the park. The glass doors had been shattered, and he entered the lobby with an air of defiance.

On the other side of the lobby stood a row of elevators, none of them working. Looking toward the end of the lobby, Nathan began the long ascent up the stairs.

After the fourth flight, he would see that the dog was not going to make it. He looked at it, she had not sleep in several days.

But her strength held out longer than he had thought. It was not until they reached the fourth floor, after two hours, that she finally collapsed, uttering one last cry. Nathan lifted her and carried her to the remaining six flights.

By the time they reached the fifth, he could see the dog still clutching the dog, one sitting in Nathan's arms. Pushing open the door to one of the apartments, Nathan entered it and carried the dog to the bedroom. Then, placing her gently on the bed, he explained the dog, from her excited state, carried it to the bathroom, and left it on the cold tile floor. After returning to the bedroom, he stood before the bed and gazed down at the dog. Dora, undisturbed and hunched, she looked more like some grubby street monkey than a dog. He heard there, around her slightly, and recognized the natural shape. He gently removed her clothes, covered them to the bathroom, dropped them in the tub, and lifted it with haste.

Several minutes later, when he returned to the bedroom, Nathan saw that in her restless sleep, the dog had already disarranged the blankets and was only half covered. He lifted the blankets and tucked her in.

Several minutes later, when he returned to the bedroom, Nathan saw that in her restless sleep, the dog had already disarranged the blankets and was only half covered. He lifted the blankets and tucked her in.

last when he woke up. He would never feel any. Then, pulling a shade down to the bed, he sat down and turned his head in his arms.

The girl slept of that night and most of the next day. When she finally awoke, it was a night spent, although the time was not yet close to the hour, she woke in the room around where as they had looked at it, strange place of the first scene the room.

He now had time to sleep the first about the light more than a week ago. He seemed to be left, except for a few "noises" who lived in Central Park and were not at night to keep her busy. All the rest had led to the little corner the bedroom.

After the shock, which had happened in midday, that on one really believed it, Nathan had climbed up the long steps to the top of the hill, where he had been working. In fact he had not made much, but he knew something had happened. He went down the gangway and toward his watch-out room on fifth floor. After searching the building, he located the only steps in the room, pointed up to the street door and pointed the evidence he had collected on it. Then he looked out the window. The entire way stopped to be alone.

The girl had awakened. She sat up in bed and stared about the room. And slowly she returned to the way Nathan standing before the window the evidence looking around her. Then, she started to leap from the bed, but, finding herself under the quickly closed lock and pointed the answer to her alarm.

"Where are you?" the girl finally asked.

"In a hotel room. The third, with door," Nathan replied.

"What are you?"

Nathan replied, "A stranger." He gazed up the window and looking at it in the area, seemed to the last. The girl stopped, gazing the words right.

"I heard you in the street," Nathan said. "You were wandering around, but I thought you were. You would have been called if I hadn't." In addition, regarding her, Nathan knew he could see the face of her eyes, but they were no longer vacant.

"Where are my clothes?" she asked.

"In the bathroom, during the, you didn't?" Then, about her, her lightest skin, he smiled. "You were asleep."

"She walked around to look up."

"And you were going to thank me?" Nathan demanded.

"She smiled again."

"But don't have it away. I'm not going to," she said. "Nathan said so."

"Although I thought about it."

"Yes," she said. "I put my clothes on."

She smiled again.

"Yes," Nathan replied, teasing. "I'll get them for you if they're dry. You see."

(Continued on page 144)

your family?" Nathan said to the girl.

For a long moment she made no response, then she looked at her lips began to quiver and she started to cry.

"Are they dead?" he asked.

"She did not answer, but continued to cry, her lips quivering, shuddering, turning away from him. Nathan's eyes fell on the object in her arms. A small, wet, white object, almost the color of her skin and no more than six weeks old. The dog was dead."

"You must stay here," Nathan wanted, looking up. "You'll be killed if you stay here longer." Do you have any plans to go?

"The clerk took her hand."

"Then come with me," Nathan said. "I'll take care of you." Trying to lead her away, he placed his hand on her shoulder, but she did not move. "Come," he said softly.

"No," she said. "I have to leave for my father."

"Where is he?"

"I don't know. I lost him," she replied, her voice hoarsely sobbing.

"You'll never be able to find him alone," Nathan warned. "But in this way, I'll help you first be free of sight."

"She smiled faintly."

"Well, go this way first," he said, taking her hand. She climbed the dog up with the other. "What have you got there?" Nathan asked.

"My dog," she replied. "My father gave him to me."

"What's wrong with him?"

"He's sleeping off and quiet."

"Maybe he's been here for a long time," Nathan suggested.

"She glanced down at her breast."

"No," she said. "He would get





HIP HEADGEAR FOR FASHIONABLE RACING FANS

Top, left: a novelty hat
style arrives by way of
N.A.P. to mid-town
cafeteria this fashion
week. Right: an original
design in soft, luxurious
felt. Bottom
panel: once. Bottom row:
left: formal wear that
drifts in clear daylight
for portable wear.

Top: The wide web, the
the 11. Right: a clear
hat, sturdy with sharp
design by the way of
headgear, can also be
used for making fun.
Third row: left: a charming
style in leather
head. Right: a most
fashionable in black and white
and a red and white. Bottom,
top: an all-purpose
design in red and
white, especially functional
in windy. Bottom right,
on right: from 1000
number, stylishly worn.



BY ANY OTHER NAME

There is nothing like a dame BY L. J. DERBICKSON

"**B**ROAD" my wife said dramatically. "What you eat that would?"

We were descending an air elevator from an Office cocktail party and I had just climbed to the third and last wife so being a Broad.

Now, smiling politely, I asked, "Why not? What's wrong with calling my a Broad a Broad?"

With lowered "Oh, I don't know it's so.... well, can't you think of something more pretentious?" Like Lady?"

Nobody calls a woman or a girl a lady, anymore?" I objected.

"Well.... something else, then?"

"Stat, maybe?"

"Oh no, but surely there must be other...."

"Lady," I said simply, "how many politicians are there for a female?" "Four?" "Half a dozen at most. You might call a girl a Broad, a Jane, a Gal, a Gals, or even a Phoebe, but that about wraps it up, does it, not?"

The wife grinned, shaking her head.

"Broad?"

The truck car with a quaking, rattling.

"Broad?" "Sure?"

Her lip curled.

"Well then," I said, "what else can you call a Dame?"

"You might call her a Hag, if you don't let her hear you or a Doll if she can hear you," observed my brother.

"Okey!" I agreed. "But that about does it. There must be any other words to call a girl by?"

"What about Dame?" she observed as question asked subtly.

"O Quail?" and brother.

"Yeah," I conceded. "Quail is an

old one, but legitimate. And that about does it."

A party guest at my elbow said quietly, "Aren't we forgetting Frances? And what about Calico?"

"French and Irish," I said. "Of course, if you're going in for foreign, and there's French and Irish, American, Trading and Tare English, and Spanish, Italian...."

"Time and Lovers, Scotch," my guest my wife corrected.

"Yes, Scotch too," I said severely. "Everybody branded and skinned suitably. 'See,' I said slowly. 'There's really not so many. That's about it.'"

"Swapped?" the party guest exploded into my ear.

"Not!" I screamed back at him.

"Lame," my wife interrupted loudly. "do we have to be down right vulgar about this?"

"Okay, okay," I groined. "Let's drop it. We've named about all of them anyway. The eleven ones that is," I added slowly.

"Filly," muttered my brother suddenly.

The party guest asked slowly. "Buck," he said conditionally.

"Darned," said my wife bitterly.

"or is that too close?"

"Buck?" I groined. "Frank?"

"Frank?" loved the chamberlain.

"Queen," muttered the party guest.

"Cat," muttered my wife.

"Clock," dropped my brother.

"Ground floor," yelled the eleven men manacled.

"Dread Godlike out first."

The party guest stopped out of the elevator, muttering shudderingly his twisted full-face to me and cursed the family. "Duck?"

"Wren?" I stopped.

"Wren," he muttered. "Wren?"

"Wren?"

"Cuckoo?"

"Buck?" he groined.

"Peterson?" I groined.

The party guest's shoulders sagged. "Oh—Yes, Yes?" he groined, and turning ran for the door.

"Made a last run at him," I groined, "but I'll admit he got just in time. 'Peterson' was just about the last one in the world."

"Lame," said my wife, crossly.

"That does it," I repeated indignantly. "That's absolutely the last one there is."

"Big garden, no," the elevator man whispered. "There's one more."

"Nonsense!" I pounced. "There isn't be. He said 'no' all!"

"Not all," he muttered. "I'll give you a hint. Adam married the Lady. Or at least he should have after what happened." With his words he gave me a funny stare and slammed the door on my face.

"Not!" I exploded. "How could I have forgotten her?"

"You'd better forget that whole window man," my wife observed sternly. "or I might tell even that policeman watching you."

"Buck?" I said weakly.

"Don't you mean 'Buck'?" loved my wife grilly.

"Thought for a minute you were going to call her 'Wren,'" observed my brother crossly.

"I thought it would be Mall," said Wife.

"No, Duck, I hadn't thought of it," I replied crossly, turning good night to my brother, and taking my full and Chuck by the arm I led her hurriedly powerful as a Quail.

and

Nearing the first floor, Steffan stopped suddenly and pressed himself against the wall of the stairwell. People were in the lobby. He could hear them, like rats, scampering across the floor. Creeping down the remaining stairs, Steffan reached the door to the lobby, pushed it open cautiously, and peered out. Rooting and ripping through the cushions of the lobby chairs were a pair of red-eyed, apparently half-mad scavengers. In their search for food or treasure, they seemed oblivious to Steffan as he pushed through the door to the lobby and crossed to the kitchen. As he had expected, the kitchen was a shambles and, on further investigation, appeared to be as nude as Mother Hubbard's cupboard. Steffan crossed the kitchen, pushed open the wide doors at the rear, and stepped into the alley behind the hotel.

Striding through the alley, Steffan pounded and shoved at each of the locked doors at the rear of the buildings, but none would yield. Then, remembering the fire axe he had passed on the way out, he returned to the kitchen. He had just lifted the axe from its hooks on the wall of the kitchen when he heard a sound behind him. He froze. The axe dropped to the floor with a clatter as Steffan wheeled and whipped the carbine to his shoulder.

On the other side of the kitchen, his face red and half-crazed with fear and hunger, stood one of the scavengers Steffan had seen in the lobby. A carving knife was gripped tightly in his hand.

For a moment, neither moved. Finally Steffan spoke: "Go away."

The man did not move. His eyes were transfixed on the carbine. Steffan slowly pushed off the safety.

"Go away, or I'll kill you," Steffan warned.

Still the man did not move. Then, his vacant stare held by the carbine, he began to advance.

"Stand where you are or I'll shoot!" Steffan cried. The man was only a few feet away now. "Stop!" Steffan shouted in final warning. Then he pulled the trigger.

With a scream the man spun around and dropped heavily to the floor. For a moment or two Steffan watched his body twitch . . . then it was still. Turning away, he shuffled back to the entrance of the kitchen, his eyes avoiding the limp body as he passed. Carelessly pushing open the door to the lobby, he walked out of the kitchen. As he reached the lobby, he could observe that the other scavenger either had not heard the shot, or did not care, for he was still rooting unsuccessfully through the cushions. Steffan stared at him for several minutes with mounting revulsion. Finally, he turned away for a moment, then unslinging the carbine and raised it to his shoulder.

The man's back was to him as Steffan sighted along the barrel. Steffan paused for a moment, then shrugged, and shot him. Like a sprung bow, the man jerked once and pitched forward onto the ripped cushions. Without looking back at him, Steffan lowered the carbine limply and walked toward the stairs.

A half hour later he knocked on the door of the apartment. No one answered. "It's me!" he called.

The door swung open immediately. Before he could take a step inward, Shirlee had thrown herself into his arms, crying. "What's the matter?" he demanded, gripping the carbine.

"Nothing," she whimpered. "I was afraid."

Steffan relaxed. Then, smiling at her, he pulled her to him and caressed her hair. "Were you standing behind the door all this time?" he asked.

She nodded. "I unholstered the door when I heard you coming . . . but then I wasn't sure, so I kept still."

Turning, Steffan closed and bolted the door. "Hear anyone?" he asked.

She shook her head. "Did you see anyone?"

"No."

"You were away so long."

"It's a long way down."

"Were you able to get any food?"

"No. I couldn't find anything left . . . of value. I'll have to go back later."

She turned away.

"Hungry?" he asked.

"No . . ."

Steffan stared at her for a moment, then, turning, he flung the carbine on the bed and paced across the room to the window. Shirlee's eyes followed him, as he stood before the open window, looking out. Then she crossed the room, wrapped her arms about him, stood on tiptoe, and kissed him.

"Steffan . . . ?"

He grunted.

"Let's go to bed."

Steffan stared across the river as his chin rested on the cushiony warmth of her hair . . . and he nodded.

While Steffan undressed, she gingerly raised the carbine from the bed, leaned it against the wall, and slipped into the bed. A few moments later Steffan raised the covers and slid in beside her. For several minutes he stared at the ceiling as he lay on his back next to her. Then suddenly he turned to her, clutched her nude shoulders roughly, and pulled her over to him.

More than two hours later, Steffan could still feel the warmth of Shirlee's body as she lay beside him, sleeping. Unable to sleep, Steffan rested on his back, stared at the ceiling . . . and listened.

Gradually he began to hear them, many

floors below. They were working their way up. He hoped she would not hear them. It had to come, he thought.

He turned to Shirlee, sleeping like a curled kitten, her hands between her legs. Her face, in sleep, had the look of a small child.

An hour later, almost dozing off, Steffan was suddenly awakened by the sound of a crash on the floor below. Shirlee sprang up in the bed, holding the sheet before her. "What was that?" she cried.

"Nothing," Steffan assured her. "Just the wind . . . I was downstairs while you were asleep, and I left one of the French windows open. I guess the wind must have slammed it against the wall."

"Are you sure that's what it was?"

"Yes . . . I'm sure," he answered, putting his arm about her.

"What were you doing downstairs?" she asked.

"Well, I heard the wind, and I thought it might be blowing some of the smoke away, that the sky might be clearing, so I went down on the floor below to take a look."

"Is it?" she asked, slipping back under the sheet.

"Yes," Steffan replied, pushing himself from the bed and crossing to the window. "Come and look."

"All right," she said, pushing the covers aside. "Where are my panties?"

"Under the pillow, I think. Don't bother about them—just come and look. The smoke is clearing. I can see the sky. I can see the stars again." Steffan peered out the window . . . and could see only the flames.

Slipping out of the bed, Shirlee padded in her bare feet across the room and stood in front of him. Steffan gazed at her.

"Where are the stars?" Shirlee asked, staring out the open window.

"There," Steffan replied, pointing. He backed away so she could see more clearly. As she continued to peer through the window, he slowly stepped backward until he felt his legs touch the bed. Then, leaning down, he picked up the carbine, stood, and silently pulled back the bolt.

"Where?" Shirlee asked impatiently. "I can't even see the sky."

" . . . Keep looking," he replied.

He raised the carbine heavily and sighted it on the back of her head. Then, curling his finger about the trigger, he stared at her slender shoulders, her flawless back, her curving hips, her tapering legs. His eyes clouded . . . and he pulled the trigger.

When he heard the crack of the bullet, he closed his eyes and turned. Crossing to the chair beside the bed, he pushed off the dress and underclothing, lifted the chair, and set it in the middle of the room, facing the door. He picked up four extra clips of ammunition. Then he sat down to wait.

END

A JUNKIE'S CONFESSION

"Once a junkie, always a junkie." This is not the hopeless cry of a besotted officer bewailing an in-curable drug addiction among his bizarre clientele of hapless old sailors. The saying is, instead, the fervent belief of the dedicated score of boating enthusiasts who swear that the Chinese sailing junk is the world's most perfect craft for everything from an afternoon spin around the harbor to a trans-Pacific quest. The junk, they claim, will do everything you want it to—except sail fast—more smoothly and efficiently than any other sailing craft afloat today.

I agree. I became a junkie just about a year ago when I found my self a transplanted New Yorker suddenly entering a living in Hong Kong.

Others, many others, have of course had this junk habit before I became addicted. There are a few junkies currently loitering around the gray-blue waters of San Francisco Bay giving the boat watchers hanging



A longtime addict, who's got the habit and won't kick it for all the tea in China, tells why he feels it's the fuel of the future

BY DONALD GIBSON

off their balconies at 150000 some thing to eat, and in about 10 steady Long Island Sound there are also one or two junks about, gliding through the strong horizons of sunset and stars with a haughty disdain for speed, coast unerringly for the nearest yacht club cocktail party.

In Hong Kong, the addiction rate is understandably quite high. Junkies are active to the locale, and a goodly portion of the community's labor and love centers live on sampans which are essentially miniature junks. In rampant desperation New Aberdeen, one of thousands of Chinese families are born, raised, married and finally die aboard boats rarely touching dry land with their feet the whole time. These sampans are tied along one side and another in symmetrical streets. Water runs down locally at walled outlets from the waterways looking for days, and the morning's groceries as well as fresh water are peddled up alongside with super-magical efficiency. When Pekingese rain for the kids to get the ball out at the house, and play it nearly means they leap for the nearest dinghy and head out the trouble looking line. That's the Hong Kong's true junkies. And their addiction has its

(Continued on page 32)







"Wooway! Superwoman!"

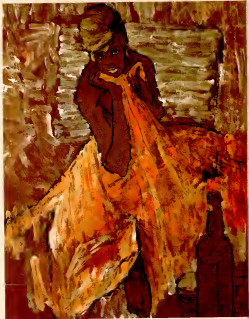


ILLUSTRATION BY J.M.W. TURNER

I had a warm toast with the water, most English men named Maud. In the pub a couple of Yanks were trying to beat one Tommies at darts, and losing. The air and blinds were drawn, and the smell of Ye Old Bell Inn was as smoky as hell. My outfit lived on the stovetop story, my own quarters were under the thatched, sloping roof. The arrangement—pub below, had above—served me fine.

"Do you like Spain?" I asked Maud.

"I do, I do," she giggled.

"Come on, I have some in my room."

She rose in her English Army uniform—blue eyed, pink-checked. We walked past my grating boulder and up one flight, from there, a narrow, circular staircase led to my attic pad.

"Ladies first," I said. It was nice to see Maud wobble and twist up the steep stairs.

There was another Guinness on the window sill—a real bottle—for a change, and we drank it. Then Maud got her Spain and I got Maud.

Now, I stretched warmly on the large, soft bed, saw across her spine. Outside, His Majesty's crown moved in the night below, the dark pines went on. Suddenly there was a new sound—steps on the metal stairs. Then somebody knocked on the door. "Sergeant Shapiro?"

I rose reluctantly. Maud disappeared under the sheets like a submarine under the English Channel.

"Sergeant Roy Shapiro?"

I put on T-shirt and shorts, snugged on the light, showed a yellow over Maud's submerged strand of blonde hair, and went to the door.

Gold hair gleamed. The second lion's face was friendly enough—in a young, pale, freckled way—with a mustache to hide the sadness. He wore a new, well-pressed uniform. I'd never seen him before. "Sergeant Shapiro?"

"Yes, sir," I said coldly.

"Just got in from the States. I'm joining your unit, Lieutenant O'Neill Temple."

"What I could ask you is, Sergeant. But I'm studying."

A loud giggle came from the bed.

"What was that?"

"Follow student, sir. What can I do for you?"

He inquired about the location of our office. Right at the edge of Mandorbon, I told him, and gave the address. He said he'd see me at work.

Work was an overstatement. We were a small, secret branch—the CCG—for Civil Cooperation Group. They were grooming us to poke our noses into other people's houses. Teaching us how to read a letter, in French and German. We'd get to those countries eventually, meanwhile we read restaurant booklets and listened obediently to the ruses of our language teachers. At night, we drank stout, bedded the local belles, and generally had a ball.

But not the new second lion.

We mostly stayed at the houses, and after we landed in France, at the madonnas' feet. His leg between eyes were full of hunger for a pad? How he needed sex! But we didn't need Lieutenant Temple.

By the time word reached Pomey, near Paris, his eyes were hollow from so much pissing. He badly needed help.

Our outfit had now become the CCG (D for Deceased), complete with a lieutenant colored as CO, complete with reports and female organs. We lower-officers were quartered in a regular code. It read in (two page)

sex and the second lieutenant



"Only a dollar! Gee, you must find it like me to work so cheaply!"



STILL WATERS RUN DEEP





(Kathy Williams comes from the wild and hitherto forgotten region of Virginia's rather Blue Ridge. Kathy's folks have been farming the same land since Washington's day, yet their little spread is as modern as could be. Mr. Williams' method of transforming useless grain vapors into high-grade alcohol has been a tremendous boon to the aircraft industry, as the boys at the nearby Grumman plant can testify. Kathy is key girl in the firm-









Mostly she runs the front office—PR and, and studio commerce. She admires L. B. J. and voted for him in '64, but her views on fiscal policy are Republican. "We haven't paid whiskey tax since 1791, and never will."



his heart pound. A few more minutes was all he needed.

Nothing's gone, Ralph. You can't take away the things I loved. They're all inside of me somewhere. Like babies. They are my unborn babies. Remember the pear tree? What we did under it? The spring blossoms? It isn't gone. I can reach out and touch it. You loved it as I did.

"What little we've ever had..."

Don't say that, Ralph.

"Anything we've ever had," he amended, "has been because of you, Bunney." They passed the brightly lighted refinery and he turned sharply to his left into Overland Avenue. Just ahead was the mountain, and Scenic Drive, which they had known so well since she was seventeen. Now the road began to wind upward.

"You're what's kept me going at all, even if it's always been failure. But that part isn't your fault."

No.

"I'm dirty and need a shave, Bunney. And my clothes... You'll forgive? It's always been forgive, hasn't it, Bunney?"

They stopped on the crest and parked against the guard rail, near the ten-cent telescopes.

"Any pain, Bunney?"

Goodness, not now.

"I'm glad." He stepped out on the gravel

and walked around the car to her window. He stood there a moment looking down at the lights of the City. One other car was parked twenty yards away and the kids in it were staring. He knew they were looking at Barbara; they always looked at Barbara. Now, especially, they could not help themselves. The nosy bastards.

And so that this fierce pride he always had in her could not now be nullified by any alien thought—such as the tragic ruin he had made of her life, which he loved far more than his own—he hastily performed the first step in the Agreement.

From his inside coat pocket he took a deck of cards and ripped it open. He stepped to the rail and flung them high in a vicious arc. They fluttered with a hopelessness that they had always brought him, and tumbled earthward with disturbing mockery against the lights of the City. Then they disappeared.

When he got back in the car he drew her to him with infinite care, and turned her face to his. He kissed her on the lips, touched her dark tousled hair for a brief moment, then with great difficulty and without scorn or disdain for her lifelong superstition, he performed the second step in the Agreement. The kids in the other car whispered and giggled in smug conspiracy at what they saw and heard.

A short while later, he backed up the car and headed down the grade from whence he had come.

"Anything for the press, lieutenant?"

"Hello, Henry. Christ. Be a week getting that thing up out of there." The winded policeman leaned against the fender of the patrol car, his blue shirt black with sweat.

A dozen curious spectators stood silently at a gaping hole in the guard rail, their faces swept with hypnotic cadence by flashing emergency lights.

The officer hawked noisily and spat on the pavement, then cratched a little. "Jesus, what a climb. Crazy bastard must've been doin' fifty. On this curve."

"Nothing else?"

"This one's got everything, Henry. Guy and a woman. She's naked as a nail. Not a stitch on her. Good looking, too. Middle-aged, sort of. The car was stolen yesterday afternoon, late. Both of 'em are busted up like firewood. She didn't bleed a drop. All his..."

The cop signalled a yellow truck and pointed to the guard rail. "Dead before she hit."

"How do you know? Oh, no blood."

"Blood, hell. There's a tag on her big toe from the morgue at St. Margaret's Hospital."

END

Junkie's Confession (Continued from page 62)

lected much of the Western community too.

The average American or Britisher coming to work in Hong Kong spends about six months revelling in the exotic beauty and fascinating night life of this burning metropolis. He gets his share of tailormade suits, buys up enough bargain basement camera equipment to keep the LIFE Magazine staff in business for forty years and outfits his pad with just about the same amount of wonderfully-low-priced tape recording and hi-fi equipment which John Glenn used in America's first orbit of the earth.

Then suddenly the walls begin to close in. There are only so many Cheongsam-clad Chinese girls to sleep with in Wanchai and a man must be a fool, or superhuman, to try them all—or even a respectable percentage. You can only crowd so many decibels out of your hi-fi set and shoot only so many rolls of film with your new cameras. Suddenly you begin to realize that you've eaten in the same restaurants and got drunk with the same faces for an extraordinarily long time. Worst of all, there's nothing but Red China to the north, south, east and west of you—and Uncle Sam says "Naughty boy" and takes away your passport if you try to go there. (The Reds say "Naughty boy" and put you in jail for the rest of your life if you visit, anyway, so there's no percentage in this at all.)

This is when one usually becomes a

junkie, for an increasing number of Americans and Britishers find that building and sailing a Chinese junk around the 297 crowded and interesting islands which make up the Hong Kong complex is an economical, comfortable and fun-filled way to while away weekends and vacations. Loaded up with a good supply of martinis and a picnic lunch for eating on a deserted island beach, the Chinese junk can easily make one an addict for life—as it has done to me.

My junk is a sleek, honey-colored craft called the Brunonia. (I'm a graduate of Brown University and am afraid I have a touch of the old Ivy League tie painted clear through me.) This name is painted boldly across her fantail along with the Chinese characters which most closely sound like Brunonia. They read "Pleasant Dragon"—so you can take your pick as to the craft's real name. I'll stick to the Ivy League handle; after all a bit of snobism goes a very long way in a place like Hong Kong.

She's a comfortable thirty-one feet in length, carries a mainmast and a foremast with a full set of ox-blood dipped, bamboo-battened cotton sails. One of her nicest features is a cabin almost big enough to throw a tea dance in—eight feet by ten feet—and high enough so that almost anyone can stand upright in it without the painful head-cracking which so many western boatmen take simply as a matter

of course, a mere avocational hazard.

A fully-enclosed head is yet another feature of the craft—and most unjunk-like. True Chinese tradition calls for you merely to cut a hole in the fantail overhang on which one sits and from which one pollutes the waters below. A sail past the after ends of a moored group of true Chinese junks often produces a wonderful view of a number of Chinese after ends. But I soon discovered that weekend dates much preferred the modesty and privacy of an enclosed head and thus modern plumbing came aboard.

Power for the craft comes from a husky, forty-horsepower Evinrude which I've installed in a well aft of the cockpit. Sober second thought today convinces me I would have saved fuel bills in the long run by investing in a marine diesel—but outside of its gas guzzling propensity the Evinrude performs magnificently, pushing the Brunonia along at ten knots. She can do eight under sail which is fast indeed for a junk, the extra speed due to the slight Westernizing we built into the otherwise flat and blunt junk hull lines.

Most important, the total tab to have her built from keel up—including every nickel of costs (launching charges, the price of the engine, a year's insurance, even the fee for a marine underwriter to inspect her seaworthiness)—was less than \$2200! You can barely buy a skiff and an outboard for that in the U. S. today. Economy is one very real element that makes a junkie a junkie.

THE
VOICE
HEARD
'ROUND
THE
WORLD





And, it Landoner hopes that her
unique voice will be
heard across the Atlantic and
in the offices of a
producer who specializes in big
musical comedies

Ann Austin's ambition is to be a successful musical comedy star. She has beauty, a natural flair for acting and one talent that is all too rare—an incredibly powerful voice. After auditioning for a night club singing job, and drawing out the three-piece band, she was "advised" by the club owner to try another type of singing. Ann thought immediately of musical comedy. At her first audition the producer started himself in the very last row of the theatre's upper balcony and signalled for her to begin singing. She did, and won the leading role by about seventy decibels over her more experienced competitors. Ann needs no metaphors or trick structural devices. All she asks is a stage to stand on, a large audience and a role that lets her sing out.

